

Dr. Maria Montessori

FEBRUARY 12, 1914

## THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

285

desertion of some of the men who had become despondent and mutinous.

The peace pipe, however, availed to keep off enemies. "Because the calumet of peace," says Hennepin, "is the most sacred thing among the savages, I shall here describe the same. It is a large tobacco pipe, of a red, black or white marble. The head is finely polished. The quill, which is commonly two feet and a half long, is made of a pretty strong reed or cane, adorned with feathers of all colors, interlaced with locks of women's hair. Every nation adorns it as they think fit, and according to the birds they have in their country. Such a pipe is a safe conduct amongst all the allies of the nation who has given it; and in all embassies the calumet is carried as a symbol of peace, the savages being generally persuaded that some great misfortune would befall them if they should violate the public faith of the calumet. They fill this pipe with the best tobacco they have, and then present it to those with whom they have concluded any great affair, and smoke out of the same after them."

At last, following rivers and portages, the heart of the Illinois country was reached, and, on the bank of the river, the great town of the Illinois, quite deserted when the French first saw it, for all the inhabitants were away on a hunting trip. Hennepin relates that he counted 460 lodges, with tops arched like the top of a van, and all covered with woven mats of rushes.

Within a short distance of this town, on the top of a high square rock, La Salle determined to build a fort, a fort to which, by some strange fatality, he gave the name of "Crevecoeur," or "heartbreak."

### A TERRIBLE JOURNEY.

At Fort Crevecoeur, La Salle waited a weary time for the tools and supplies which were to be brought back by the Griffin—the Griffin lost so completely amidst the waters of Lake Huron, that not even the finding of a timber of her was ever reported, first vessel to perish in that great inland sea—then he determined to make a trip to Fort Frontenac himself, to see what the matter could be, to set straight his affairs, and secure the necessary supplies for his work of expansion in the west.

On the 3rd of March, 1680, he set out with four Frenchmen and a Mohegan, leaving the trusted Tonti in charge at Fort Crevecoeur. It was a weary journey of 500 leagues through an untamed land. Now canoes could be used on the icy water, now it was necessary to take to the woods on snow-shoes, dragging the canoes over the slushy snow, so tedious a mode that at last they were left behind altogether. It was impossible to carry sufficient provisions, and so necessary to live on such game as could be secured along the way, and game was very scarce that season. Worse than all, the travellers were harassed by Indians, who took them for friends of the Iroquois on account of the blazing they had left on some trees. For days they were dogged by a war-party, and dared not light a fire at night to dry their wet clothes. As a result of the hardship, one of the Frenchmen and the Mohegan fell ill with fever and began to spit blood.

Even bad news came to rob the journey of its little ray of hope, for on the way two men were met who told of the evident loss of the Griffin, with its rich cargo.

At Detroit, a canoe was made, and while two of the Frenchmen were sent north, La Salle, with two others and the Mohegan, crossed to Lake Erie to a spot somewhere near Point Pelee. Here another canoe was made, and all pushed out, arriving finally, on Easter Monday, at the cabin of logs on the Niagara River where the Griffin had been launched.

La Salle alone had the strength to go on. Alone, after his already terrible journey, he left this haven of rest, and, eventually, after sixty-five days' travel in all, came within sight of the bastioned walls of Fort Frontenac, having accomplished "the most arduous journey ever made by a Frenchman in America."

But here again, instead of rest and peace, a blow awaited him, for the first news to come to him was that his credit, on a rumor that he had been drowned with the sinking of the Griffin, had seized all his property. He learned,

moreover, of the wreck of a ship from France, laden with his goods, in the St. Lawrence.

### A "NEW BEGINNING."

It was necessary to begin all over again, but the determination of La Salle never flinched.

On the 10th of August, he again started out with twenty-five men and everything that was needed to outfit the vessel that was being built at Fort Crevecoeur, but this time a different route was taken. The party went up the Humber River from Lake Ontario, crossed to the Holland River, and thence on via Lake Simcoe, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, and the rivers to the southward, to the fort on the Illinois.

On the way down the Illinois, the records tell us, herds of buffalo were seen browsing over the prairies, and upon one occasion a buffalo-hunt was held, the result being that in three days twelve of these great animals were killed, and the meat cut into strips to take to Tonti and his men at Fort Crevecoeur.

On arriving at the Indian town in the vicinity of the fort, however, a scene of terrible omen was presented. The town had been burned, and the graves of the dead in its cemetery rifled and desecrated; skulls were stuck on the charred poles of the houses, and wolves fled and crows wheeled away from above the dismal spot. Evidently the Iroquois had made an inroad, and, finding the houses deserted, had wreaked their fury on the dead.

With sinking heart the brave leader hurried on, but his worst fears were realized. The vessel, partially-finished, still remained on the stocks, but the fort itself had been demolished, and there was no sign of Tonti or his men.

On again down the Illinois, passing, again and again, evidences of recently-occupied Indian camps, Illinois on one side of the river, Iroquois directly opposite on the other, then a spot was reached where had occurred a terrible massacre, chiefly of Illinois women and children.

Reaching the Mississippi, La Salle tied a letter to Tonti to a tree overhanging the water, then returned to the ruined fort. . . . On again, up the Kankakee in search of him, and at last there was evidence of being on the right track; a cabin was found, and a piece of wood cut with a saw. Then snow fell continuously for nineteen days, and it was necessary to travel a-foot again. "I never suffered so much from cold," says La Salle, "or had more trouble in getting forward, for the snow was so light, resting suspended as it were among the tall grass, that we could hardly use snow-shoes. Sometimes it was waist deep; and, as I walked before my men as usual, to encourage them by breaking the path, I often had much ado, though I am rather tall, to lift my legs above the drifts."

At last Fort Miami was reached, but there was no word of Tonti, nor did La Salle see aught of him again until the middle of June (1681), when he found him and those of his men who were left, at Michillimackinac.

### TONTI'S STORY.

Of the hair-breadth escapes and many adventures through which Tonti had passed after the onslaught of the Iroquois, but little can be said here. Shortly after the departure of La Salle on his long trip to Fort Frontenac, the garrison at Fort Crevecoeur had mutinied, had plundered the stores and destroyed the fort. Seeing nothing better to be done, Tonti and the seven men who remained faithful to him, removed to the Indian town. The arrival of 500 painted Iroquois, however, disturbed the tranquility there, and Tonti tells of a fierce battle, and of his once appearing among the Iroquois as mediator, and of hearing, while there, their discussion as to what should be done with him. "There was a man behind me with a knife in his hand," he says, "who every now and then lifted up my hair."

He was let go, however, and finally, with his little party, living on acorns and roots, and suffering bitterly from the cold, reached Green Bay and friendly Indians.

Father Hennepin's party, in the meantime, which had been sent to the upper waters of the Mississippi, had also fallen upon adventure. They had been cap-

tured by the Sioux, but finally made their escape and returned by way of the Great Lakes to Canada.

Next time will be told something of La Salle's descent of the great river—the Mechasepe, the Colbert, the Mississippi.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Fellow-workers With God.

We are God's fellow-workers: ye are God's tilled land, God's building.—1 Cor. iii: 9, R. V. (marginal rendering).

Life is a splendid adventure, every day comes to us fresh and new, laden with opportunity. Whatever the day may bring—sorrow, joy, or the apparently dead level of commonplace living—we can transform it into power and the beauty of ennobled character. I am speaking to many kinds of people; whose surroundings and daily occupations are widely different, and yet I am sure you all are alike in this. You can begin each day with the inspiring question: "What shall the great God and I make of myself to-day?"

We are God's fellow-workers. We are not to lie helplessly in His arms, as if we were babies, expecting Him to make us saints without any effort on our part. St. Paul says: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure." The first half of that most practical advice is powerless without the second half; and God knows that if He were to make us perfect, without effort on our part, the gift would be valueless. We should be machines, not human beings. A child turns to his teacher for help; but a teacher who works out all his sums for him, writes all his compositions, and helps over-much in any way, is a serious hindrance to his education.

It is discouraging to work alone, but inspiring to remember that God is working in us every moment. "Ye are God's tilled land," says St. Paul. God Himself is the Husbandman. He ploughs hard hearts with sharp pain, puts in good seed, and waters it carefully, gives bright sunshine and strengthening cold. What return are we making for His years of careful husbandry? It is possible for a heart to be like the barren fig tree, which received the most careful and individual attention, and yet brought forth no fruit. It was at last cut down as hopeless.

When we are working with God, we have a right to expect results far beyond our powers of achievement. Men are doing this every day in earthly matters. They place a message in the hand of one of God's mighty servants, and it is sent flying at lightning speed to its destination. They call gravitation (another mighty servant of God) to their assistance, and the heaviest weights are carried with ease thousands of miles along the great rivers. They harness electricity to cars and machines, and great power is at once brought to bear on the work to be done. A ship in distress sends the "S.O.S." call thrilling through space, and help comes rushing from all directions. Men know that they can do many marvellous things by co-operating with the great powers of nature—God's servants—how much greater works can be done by one who is a fellow-worker with the Master of nature Himself.

Mr. Patterson started the "Catch-my-Pal" Society in July, 1900, feeling that every man and woman—no matter how degraded—was worth catching. He says that a man lying drunk in a ditch is "a diamond in the rough, to be lifted, cut, and polished, and made a thing of beauty and a joy forever in the crown of Jesus Christ." In about fifteen months from that eventful July day, he speaks of 140,000 members of his Society, who had taken the pledge of total abstinence—many of them had been drunken and degraded for years. How little the founder of that Society dreamed that God would work so mightily through him. The movement went ahead with astonishing speed, spreading swiftly from Ireland into Scotland, England, and Wales. Soon Mr. Patterson received letters from Canada, the United States, South Africa, Australia, Jamaica, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark and

Sweden. Temperance workers in all these countries wanted to learn his secret. He even addressed the International Congress on Alcoholism at The Hague, in September, 1911. He says: "An Irish chaplain started the work among the troops to whom he ministered on the coast of China, and information about the movement has been sent, by request, to Japan. A missionary in British East Africa writes to say he is thinking of starting Catch-my-Pal among the pagan people who are being ruined by rum."

Many men—working with God and for His cause—have started great movements which have astonished themselves. But a great and grand work is being done quietly by the vast multitude of Christian workers everywhere. Seeds are being sown without observation—except the observation of the Master of the workers—which are bound to yield a magnificent harvest of good.

You are not only working for God, but with Him. As the head of the great business concern is found first in one room and then in another, giving encouragement and guidance to his work-people; so our Master stands always invisibly but very really in our midst. The remembrance of His Presence, the touch of His hand on ours, can bring sweetness and courage into the heart of one who loves Him. Long ago, some men had toiled all night at their fishing and caught nothing. They made one more attempt—under the direction of their Master, who was dimly visible on the shore—and now they were not able to draw the net into their boat, for the multitude of fishes. Working with Him made all the difference, and they dragged their spoils to the shore to lay them at His feet.

Working with God, we must learn to trust Him even when we have no outward proof of His love. Trust is a very beautiful thing, and one who trusts God when all hope seems to have gone—as Abraham trusted the promise concerning Isaac—must give great joy to Him. There is a story told of a great emperor whose physician was also his trusted friend. The emperor was ill, and he received a letter saying that his physician intended to give him poison in his medicine. The emperor trustfully took the offered medicine from his friend's hand and drank it down, then handed him the letter. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," said Job; and many a heart is uplifted in beautiful trust to One Who seems to give nothing but pain and death in return. So He works out holiness, so He produces great harvests, so He builds polished temples here on the earth. We must work with Him, trustfully and patiently, even when He does not reveal His plans. Otherwise we shall hinder His purposes of love. Even Christ, our perfect Leader, had to pass through the awful darkness when He felt forsaken by God as well as man. Can we be perfected without some hard lessons? Can we learn Trust unless we are sent on God's errands through the darkness? Can we learn patience if all difficulties are cleared out of our way? Can we grow strong in courage if there is nothing terrible to approach fearlessly? The Master-Worker has gone over all the ground, and still walks alone beside us—He has come again to escort His loved comrades home.

"Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee in closer, dearer company. In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong, In hope that sends a shining ray Far down the future's broadening way, In peace that only Thou canst give—With Thee, O Master, let me live."

Life is a grand adventure, a glorious privilege. Shall we waste it in petty aims and successes which leave no lasting result? What shall it profit if we gain great wealth and fame in this world, yet fail to win the "Well done!" of the Master? It is not only the good work which men call "great" that He wants. The woman, who was honored by God and revered by men above all other women, lived quietly in a little village home. She attempted no world-wide reform, but accepted God's plan for her life—the personal pain and shame through which He could work out the salvation of mankind—in the meekest, most abso-